









him clear across the river. All in  
"Praise God!"

[illegible]

**Part III**

Taking another look at the soldier girl  
we find her at the river of death, only

few steps between her and the great light. She asked the question, "How is it with you tonight?" "I am very happy," he replied. "I feel that the way is very dark."

Other questions are asked: "Why isn't it with you?" "I am very happy," he replied. "I feel that the way is very dark."

Readers: If you value your soul see to it that you are not like the man in the picture. The path is the God-given one.

## A Prayer

[illegible]

100



Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Salvationists, let us all unite in bringing the

Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Salvationists, let me all unite in bringing the world to God. Amen! Amen!! Amen!!!

A great drunkard recently got saved at Listeria through the officers visiting him. That's good. Capt. Rennie, Tom, Dick and Harry and a recent Wednesday night meeting at Ottawa. Rennie, THREE souls. TWENTY-THREE souls saved at the Imperial City in one week. Now, what do you think of that? Here is the secret. I found in Capt. Elliott's report: "The

God, make our Army a prevailing Army.

Capt. Miles, of Walkerton, says, "We expect the devil will oppose us every inch of the way. We will give him a good thrashing and drive him out of this place. With such a determination who shall dare to say that a Canadian soldier is a coward? We will show him that there is nothing like aiming high, and the dear Lord loves such desperate people. We will show him that we are not a bunch of hand of soldiers."

A. T. H. Miles is just sent in charge of Galt's company. "We are in for victory, and the devil knows it for his kindred has suffered losses in the past. We will show him that we are not a bunch of hand of soldiers. We will show him that there is nothing like aiming high, and the dear Lord loves such desperate people. We will show him that we are not a bunch of hand of soldiers. We will show him that there is nothing like aiming high, and the dear Lord loves such desperate people. We will show him that we are not a bunch of hand of soldiers."

The Toronto T.H. Division leads off in this boom. Next follows Montreal, so that the two little Majors are at the head of the parade. The parade follows next, and then the N. and London are next. Newfoundland is last.

each ether. I wonder how long this will continue? 719 is the Juniors' converts

At D— last Sunday night a young woman got saved, and immediately on receiving pardon herself, went straight off to a sister of her's who was in the hall and bombarded her.

English Cry.

It is a very unfortunate thing that

under all the success of this boom there are yet ~~more~~ many corpses showing up rather poorly. Some have even done nothing above the ordinary yam, i. e., if they had two souls a week previous to last January, they are still marbling on at the same jog-trot. Surely I sincerely! the fire has not spread to the corps inferred. If it has something prevents it burning.

Will the Captain see that inspection is made of this business, and that at every meeting, whether on Monday or the Sunday night, fire is thoroughly roused up?

We cannot commend too heartily and

cannot think too highly of the sacrifice being made by the comrades up and down the coast in soul-saving. We could instance the cases of scores of corps who are securing more souls than they have for years. Why should this not happen all over? Oh, for a Pentecost! Look out for next week's news, and pray and believe all the while that grander and mightier things may happen during the next two months.

**Toronto T. H. Division ... 439**

Montreal	34	3041
Toronto	34	3074
Woodstock	34	3230
West N. S.	34	3111
Hamilton	34	3061
London	34	3003
East N. S.	34	3003
Chatham	34	1830
Peterboro	34	1830
New Brunswick	34	1760
Halifax	34	1760
New Brunswick	34	1451
St. John T.H.	34	1451
Waters	34	1367
Windsor	34	1367

Kingston	44	1890	1890
Palmerston	44	1890	1890
Quebec French	44	1890	1890
Union converts	44	1890	1890

**GRAND TOTAL.** **4151**

They were visiting and called on an unsaved lady. She thanked the Captain for the call, and said, "As much as I have enjoyed the Army, and as great a friend as I have been, I have never had an officer visit me until you came." She got saved a few days afterwards.











# Are YOU Coming

## TO THE

# TWO DAYS WITH GOD

## ON

### TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, May 13, 14,

## IN THE

### Temple, ALBERT STREET, Toronto.

# MARSHAL BALLINGTON BOOTH

Commanding the United States Forces, will be present and Conduct these Meetings, assisted by

## COMMISSIONER & MRS. ADAMS,

MAJOR YOUNG, Chief Secretary;

MAJOR HOLLAND, Field Secretary;

MAJOR LEIGHTON, Junior Soldiers' Secretary for Canada;

MAJOR MARGETTS, Training Home Principal, and the following Staff Officers:

MAJOR GLOVER,  
Montreal Division  
MAJOR CALHOUN,  
Newfoundland Division  
MAJOR BAUGH,  
Kingston Division  
MAJOR JACOBS,  
St. John District  
MAJOR MORRIS,  
Western Division  
MAJOR PHILPOTT,  
London Division

MAJOR SPOONER,  
Peterboro Division  
MAJOR COOPER,  
Hamilton Division  
STAFF-CAPT. BANKS  
BEATTY  
BODY  
BOLTON  
GRIFFITHS  
McINTYRE  
MARSHALL  
READ

STAFF-CAPT. SCOTT  
SHARPE  
SIMCOE  
SOUTHALE  
SWEETMAN  
WALTON  
COUSINS  
EVANS  
LEONARD  
MANTON  
PLANT  
TASSIE

ADJUTANT TAYLOR  
VEALE  
GRAYSON  
ENSIGN NEAL  
FRIEDRICH  
MICHEL  
WIGGINS  
WOOD  
BRIG.-CAPT. GOODALL  
HIND  
MATTHEWS

The Staff will be reinforced by Troops from all over the City and surrounding Corps, Brass Bands, and Hundreds of Soldiers.

The MEETINGS will commence as follows each Day: 10:30 a.m., "PRAYER AND PRAISE"  
2:30 & 7 p.m., "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY"

PARTICULARS AND PROGRAMME FROM ANY OFFICER IN THE CITY.

ADMISSION: Silver Collection. Reserved Seats.

NOTE TO CANDIDATES: MAJOR HOLLAND will interview Candidates and intending Candidates between the above Meetings. Don't fail to enquire for his office.

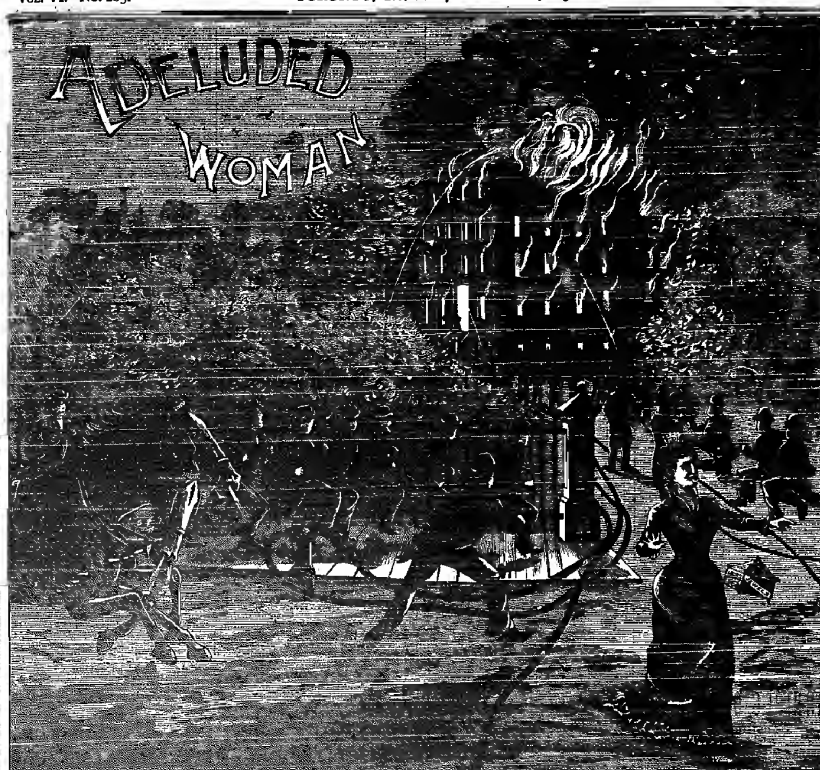
# War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

VOL. VI. No. 285.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 12th, 1890.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



This is the subject of our frontispiece. Carefully look into the matter, and find out how this woman was deluded.

The house you see on fire, had been her home for years. She was surrounded by every luxury the world could give. She moved in fashionable circles, in fact, her servants as far as the world goes, could not easily be supposed. Surrounded by her fiery, her gardens of sweet odor of flowers of the first quality, shaded by beautiful trees which added to the charm of the home. But there was a richer flower dwell beneath the roof. It was a falling babe. Fondled and caressed by this proud mother, who was anxious for the child to grow up to the fashions of this world, and be adorned with the finery and luxury worn day by day by the worldling mother, the child was a picture of beauty, full of life and vigor;

Obecna Beauty, flowing hair, prattling feet, chirpy voice. The house used to ring with its half-formed words.

One night, the mother kissed her babe and left it in its cot. That night, an alarm of fire rang through the house. In a few moments, everything was doomed to the flames. The mother, thinking of her valuable diamonds, pearls, and glittering gold, made a frantic grasp at her casket of jewels and rushed down the winding staircase, and reached the door. As soon as she was in the street, she heard the crash of the staircase, and the falling of the roof, and suddenly she let her casket fall, and cried out with a shriek:

"I've Lost My Child in the blazing building!"

Oh, can we imagine the terrible torture of that poor proud, happy woman, who had suddenly found that in grasping after the world and the delusive "looks" of the devil, she had left her bright-eyed, prattling child to burn and die in the burning house. How like the "master piece" tricks of the devil this is. How he paints up a beautiful picture, and seduces the poor, foolish, short-sighted one to make a grasp and effort to secure the fleeting things of this world. He leads them on, on, on, and on they go until we let them find "the brink" has been passed, then the "rays of the world" drop from their embrace, and the bitter cry is,

"I Have Lost My Soul."

When a man or woman gets this far, how uninteresting the "play toys" of hell become. They lose their charms, and have no consolation in their presence, but like the jewels of that poor woman, (when compared to her "once bright and happy child, but now charred with the fire"), the brightness and beauty go, and they seem what they are, "eyes of dead" glaring out a smoking cruel gaze, as if to say, "I am very successful. I have done my work for my master. I have been his instrument, and I consider myself very successful. Oh, reader! What is your condition? Have YOU a desire to cling to the world and lose your own priceless soul? Do you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]